



THE SPECTATOR



If I had been given my way last Sunday I would have been tempted to have had several of our leading florists yanked

out of their respective places, stood against a wall and shot without even the semblance of a trial. And from what I have been able to learn since, I am quite certain that there were many other good citizens in the community who were likewise tempted.

It is all very well to observe Mother's Day and it is not in keeping with the true spirit of the occasion to count the cost of the floral favors we bestow. Also, it is quite necessary that we patronize our local florists, and we are glad to do this and expect to pay them a reasonable profit on our purchases. But just because there happens to be a heavy demand for flowers on this particular day, we do not relish the idea of the local concerns resolving themselves into a pool for profit. They should be satisfied with a reasonable profit on the increased sales that the day affords. It is hardly fair that these fine fellows should over-play a good thing, just because they happen to hold the whip-hand on that day. Things come high on the market these days, of course, and it is to be supposed that the wares of the florist are no exception, but this is no excuse for perpetrating an outrage on the public.

As I understand Mother's Day, it was originated in honor of motherhood, and not in any sense to drum up business for the florists. That these concerns should profit through its observance, follows as a matter of course, but that need not be a necessary evil, provided the florists are disposed to be decent with the trade. Fancy charging 50 cents for four carnations, and in some instances as high as \$2 per dozen, when the identical flowers can be bought in Los Angeles for 10 cents per dozen—and probably were. Of course there was the express charges to pay, but even so, who would have thought that such a hold-up could happen in a white man's country, and in broad daylight, at that? Memorial Day is approaching and the authorities or somebody should see that the real sentiments of this day, like Mother's Day, are not murdered to make a profiteering holiday for the florists.

WHILE on the subject of profiteering in the local market, I am reminded of the sudden soar that strawberries took last Saturday. My information is that the berries were selling for 12½c per box in the morning market, but that by evening they had jumped to 25c. Some jump, that!

What happened, and where were the conservation and economic commissioners? At that, it is said that our gullible citizens were scrambling for the privilege of paying this exorbitant price, when what they should have done was to grab every box they could lay their hands on and hurl them at the heads of the pirates who had the gall to charge that figure.

Another thing I have noticed: Since the institution of the one-delivery-a-day system there has been no appreciable fall in prices. In fact, all things considered, I am inclined to the belief that there has been a steady and substantial increase all along the line. Great things were promised for this system in the way of economies, but they seem to be slow in materializing. It may be that certain economies have been effected, but not so the purchasing public could notice it. Perhaps Mr. Jensen or some of our patriotic merchants can explain.

Do not mistake me. I am not opposed to the single delivery scheme. In theory it is all right and if I had my way, all deliveries would be abolished and we would immediately adopt the "Cash and Carry" system, not only for the duration of the war, but as a permanent plan. If I can read human nature and the average modern housewife aright, we have our system of long distance marketing—the telephone and the delivery wagon—to thank for the conditions that now curse us. If our housewives could only acquire the early morning habit of going to market with a basket on their arms, many of our modern troubles would be at an end—and it might help their complexions, to boot. But the point is this: under present arrangements, why is it that the consumer does not share in the savings that have been effected to date? Some day some indignant citizen is bound to start a rumpus in one of the markets, and if he gets arrested the whole town will stand ready to bail him out of jail. He will be a hero, and no mistake.

WITHOUT saying anything to discourage the Red Cross drive next week—that \$500,000 must be raised if we have to take the shirts off our backs to do it,—I nevertheless feel moved to urge upon the proper authorities the necessity of taking immediate steps to bolster up Utah for future war work. It may seem mercenary to speak of securing our share of government contracts, and then again it may be plain horse sense. Surely one does not think of Uncle Sam's war chest as a pork barrel these days, and yet the manner of filling and emptying one or the other is pretty much the same. At least it has a similar effect upon the pocketbooks of the people and whether we be at war or peace, patronage is patronage—just as "pigs is pigs."

We may best consider our case by comparison with neighboring states, California subscribed approximately \$100,000,000 to the Third Liberty Loan; also she has been awarded, so I am informed, upwards of \$350,000,000 in government contracts. It is to be assumed, of course, that the profits to be realized from these contracts will go a long way towards offsetting the cash paid out for Liberty Bonds, and besides, all the balance of the contract moneys will be turned loose into circulation.

Then Colorado has been awarded a \$2,000,000 recuperation hospital. She has been awarded other things too, but that isn't the point. Why wasn't Utah considered in this matter? And if she was considered, why was she turned down? Surely we are able to furnish just as good a site and perhaps better all around climatic conditions than any other state in the Union. Which reminds me of another strange move: Last fall the big end of the soldiers at Ft. Douglas were shipped to other camps, presumably to escape the rigors of our winter climate. What happened? We registered milder weather here than was experienced at any other camp in the country. I might go on and cite instances with-

out end, but what's the use? They say that Senator King has the ear of the Administration. Can't he do something for his state?

THE following has to do with the unpleasant experiences of a fair patriot in an eastern city. From what was whispered to me quite recently, it might easily apply to a certain estimable person in this community. But I must not become too personal in these columns. This observation is clipped from TOWN TOPICS:

The way of the good patriot is hard. They who would lead must learn to lick the dust and rise again if the trials and tribulations of a most prominent Chicago matron of wealth and prestige may be reckoned as a criterion. Until the war trumpets blew the lady lived a life of serenity, at peace with the world and the muses to whose shrine she often dedicated a melodious tribute. She had birth and bank account, and when the war began she cheered for France and followed up her enthusiasm by the clink of big donations. Also she fixed an eagle eye upon her compatriots in the exclusive clubs in which she was an honored member. She paralyzed one aristocratic group by insisting that they were pro-German, and when the United States found itself in the war she demanded to know what some of the members had done for their country and declared that down in their souls they were for the Kaiser.

This did not make friends for the lady. Bit by bit she withdrew from organized war work and began a branch of her own. All the while she kept on paying out liberally to whatever cause she thought was worthy. She gave up her motor, wore her old clothes, trimmed and retrimmed and cleaned and pressed and mended and patched. Still her critics were not satisfied and one member almost upset the unit by using heavy language when refused a refund of a donation she had made. The next rumpus

(Continued on page 12.)



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